

Long Live Hiccy

by Ze Great Camicazi

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Stoick

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-07-02 05:11:04

Updated: 2011-07-02 05:11:04

Packaged: 2016-04-26 12:46:11

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,338

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: An idea inspired by and co written by min voster The Tuneless Siren about Hiccup's coronation.

Long Live Hiccy

****Okay the inspiration for this story originally came from min vostre and fellow fanfic writer, The Tuneless Siren. We have known each other since we were kids and she has always been loony. Well one day when we were watching ****_**How to Train Your Dragon**_** she meant to shout out Long live Hiccup, but it came out Long Live Hiccyâ€| from that we bore a story of Hiccup's coronation and some VERY drunk Vikings.******

The sky was as gloomy as they come in Berk without ever following through with its promise of rain. Everyone on the little island was bustling about cleaning, decorating, cooking, and preparing for the coronation of their new chief.

The former chief, Stoick the Vast had met with the elders of the tribe and had agreed that after approximately thirty years of a good rule, that it was time his son and heir, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, took the throne. Of course, following the coronation, there was to be a feast and a partyâ€|something Vikings did very well.

Not everyone was excited though. The very one to whom the day was dedicated to, was moping about in his room, still dressed in his normal green leggings and tunic, even though he was supposed to be on his way to the springs for Lagdragr (bath day) and the ceremonial cleansing.

A knock at his door startled him from his frantic pacing. He looked toward the big mahogany door before turning back to his pacing.

"Not now, Dad," Hiccup said. He heard the door open as he expected

but the voice that greeted him was unmistakably not his father's.

"I might take offense to that," Astrid said, strolling into the room. Her presence made Hiccup jump and blush.

"A-Astrid, uhâ€¦what are you doing here?" (A/N: De javu)

"I came to check on you," she said. Hiccup closed his eyes in deep thought. He bit his lip and looked up at his betrothed with a worried glance.

"Astrid, what if I don't make a good chief?" She looked at him as if he had grown another head for a moment.

"What are you talking about, Hiccup?" she asked, taking his hand and pulling him to sit on the bed beside her, "You will make a great chiefâ€¦just trust your instincts; they've gotten you this far right?" Hiccup merely shot her a quick glare.

"Yeah they got me banished, and my leg bitten off not to mention I was the worst liability for the village for the first sixteen years of my life. Great track record," he said, looking at their joined hands. Astrid pulled his hands up to her heart.

"Hiccup, if you can't believe in yourself how can others believe in you?" she asked. "I know you will make a great chief." She leaned forward and pressed her lips to his, softly and lovingly. "Now you better get ready for the ceremonies. You have like twenty before the day is up," Astrid laughed pulling him up and leading him out the door.

After much scrubbing and many frivolous ceremonies that Hiccup couldn't really see the point in, it was time for the actual coronation. His father had the Berkian Throne moved to the raised dias where the chief addressed the entire village. Stoick made his way onto the stage and raised his hands to quiet the people of Berk.

"This day has come all too soon to this old Viking," Stoick said, not wasting any time with frivolous hellos and greetings that would be lost on the straight-forward Viking audience. There were several chuckles at his banter before he continued. "I don't feel as scared as I might have once about giving the Chieftanship to my son. He has earned his place in this tribe and proven time and again that he has the smarts and bravery to be chief." The villagers cheered in agreement. "Now for the event you have all been waiting for while I've been yacking away." More laughter from the villagers.

Hiccup walked onto the stage, his prosthetic squeaking and dressed in such finery that he was almost swallowed up by it. He didn't look any bit of a Viking chief but the people of Berk had seen time and again his ability and promise.

Stoick smiled at his son and they both stood before the Throne. "I, Stoick the Vast, vow on this Odin's day to step down from my Chiefly duties, and offer any advice to my heir that he so requires."

Hiccup swallowed hard, nervous of the eyes on him, "I, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the III, vow on this Odin's day to take over my Father's role as chief and guide and lead the people as honorably as

my father's before me." He gave a small smile, happy his voice only cracked once. The Elder stepped forward and Stoick leaned down so she could take the traditional bearskin cloak from Stoick's shoulders and draping it onto Hiccup's. The long cloak dragged the ground with the young man and the Elder smiled muttering something about having to make him a special one.

"I present to you you're new chief, Chief Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the III!" she said, her old voice rising and echoing in pitches Hiccup didn't think the old woman's voice could possibly hit. A cheer erupted and the villagers made their way to the Mead hall for celebration.

The smell of mead was overpowering in the hall. The inebriated Vikings were singing drunkenly, mead sloshing over the edges of steins and mugs. Astrid was unconscious over the side of Hiccup's table and he figured she would have one Hell of a hangover come morning. He had tried to stop her but that was like trying to tame the wind.

The villagers had paid little attention to him once mead had been introduced to the coronation ceremony. He had been just fine with that. Gobber and his dad had come by, patted him on the back with good lucks and stumbled off for a drinking game some sort. Snotlout was joyous and jealous and drunk all at the same time, Fishlegs had muttered his own congratulations and Ruff and Tuff had stumbled over slurring their well done's, Ruff trying to drape herself over him. Hence the Astrid draped over his table.

"I propose a toast," slurred a very drunken Viking in the back, bringing the entire ruckus' attention to him. "A toast to our new Chief! Long Live Hic-Hiccy!" Hiccup blushed and his eyes widened at the mispronunciation of his name. The steins and mugs were raised the mead and beer sloshing out, amber droplets of the liquid sloshing to the ground.

"LONG LIVE HICCY!" the mead hall shouted. Hiccup took a deep swig of his mead and prayed he wouldn't remember this come morning. "LONG LIVE HICCY!" the cheer continued. Gods he hoped they would just be quiet. "LONG LIVE HICCY!" came one last shout before the Vikings guzzled their drinks.

Hiccup lifted his stein in thanks before finishing his mead in one giant gulp. To forget this night, he would need it. He hoped to be just as hung-over as his betrothed by morning with no memory of arriving at the mead hall and certainly no memory of his toast experience.

He looked down at his beautiful Viking shield maiden and smiled glad she wasn't awake for this. Then faintly he heard her drunk sleepy words formed by her inebriated lips, "Long live Hiccy!"

**Oh Sweet Valhalla. I can't believe that min Voster actually came up with the quote, I came up with the visual of Vikings toasting Hiccup to that and well the story was born! I was laughing all while writing this and my dad was staring at me like I had gone berserk. Anyway, hope all who read review and like it :) **

End

file.